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THE FAREWELL.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

One life's day wastes my lonely path to bid,
Where beauty flashes but with dying gleam,
And every flower that wears the genial shade
Sheds its pale leaves as desolation's stream;
But though each trembling star may set in night,
And hope, expiring, fruit my visions for,
It's radiant on affection's holy promise
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

I go where silver moons the grandeur rise,
Where other shores in echo to the deep,
Where other stars illumine other skies!
And other men sit, softer, here, and weep;
But though I wander where the tempests war
From the loved island where my soul was free,
Oh o'er the deep, beneath the evening star,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

When from our skies the rainbow shall decline,
And all life's fires are quenched in bitter tears,
The days which thou hast brightened still will shine,
Full vitaled flowering in the sea of years!
Still beautiful before me a dear form,
Like a dim shadow on a twilight sea,
Will float, be still, with love's first feeling warm;
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

Then art a picture sweet on memory's page,
Thine is the form my spirit worshiped first,
And still 'tis yet, 'tis rapture to assuage
At love's star feast my soul's consuming thirst;
Ours was the tender look, the thrilling kiss,
The meaningful tones beneath our favorite tree;
Such hours fade not—when weary years have flown,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

Then art to me a vision of the heart,
A flower that fades not with the hope of years,
A shrine whose pointed canopy, and not past,
Is lighted by the lamp of memory;
Time may surprised his shadow o'er my soul,
Thy memory will shine through them. Thou will be
The light, the music of my life, as now,
My heart, exulting, will return to thee.

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Mercury Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

A CHASE.

Julian had taken half a dozen steps, and was close up to the gangway. There stept more, and the plank would bear. He stopped and bowed his head upon his bosom. He had been thinking of Emma Dean; and now his thoughts turned upon his mother. He could see her pale, beautiful face, with dark look of heavenly love upon it, as he saw it first upon his return; and he saw, too, the look of more than mortal agony which the coming grief must cast upon it. Why was one so pure and gentle singled out for such suffering? Should he die with the great secret yet unrevealed? Despite the loaded pistol which was pointed towards him he turned once more to the gentleman.

"I do not ask my life," he cried, or he saw the finger move upon the trigger. "Listen one moment, I implore you. You have given me no chance for piggy."

"I'm pray as you go. You're had time from."

"But I would do more. I would ask you a question. Do not refuse me."

"You may ask for anything but life."

"I would ask this, then," said the youth, eagerly: "Do not let me see Sir Thomas Cleaveland with me out of his way? What has my mother done that he should hunt her like a criminal? Since the secret must die with me, you will not refuse to tell me."

"What know you of Sir Thomas?" asked Grusker, with a start.

"I know that he it is who persecutes my mother and myself."

The pirate seemed to be moved by some sudden emotion, for he turned and walked to the wheel, and then came slowly back again.

"Come down," he said. "But mind you," he added, "this is no reprieve. I would only converse with you a moment. Follow me, both of you."

Then speaking Grusker strode aft again, and both Julian and Mark followed him into his cabin. He took into a chair as though he were somewhat fatigued, and pointed to a couple of stools upon which the prisoners might be seated. They obeyed the sign, and the pirate then spoke.

"I sung me," he said, with his dark eye fixed upon Julian, "you have asked me a question which I did not expect, or I had been assured that you did not know the earl; but, before you die, I am willing to exchange information with you. Why do you think Sir Thomas seeks to have you out of his way?"

"That is the very question I asked you," returned Julian. "I cannot answer it."

"But you know something," pursued Grusker, eagerly.

"Only that my mother is afraid of him, and that she would have fled from Yorkshire if I could have gone with her. I have asked her, but she will tell me nothing. It gives her pain when I mention the subject."

"Do you know anything?" the captain asked, turning to Mark.

"Only what Julian Glendower has told you."

RECOGNITION OF THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

Grusker placed his elbow upon the table by his side, and rested his brow upon his hand. Julian regarded him with mingled feelings of curiosity and surprise. What could he wish to know that he did not already know? Mark was equally at a loss. He knew, from what he had heard Mark say, that the half Greek had once lived in the region around about Cloughton, and that in those days he had been a smuggler, warmly welcomed by the people to whom he sold cheap sugar and rum, and protected even by those who had some power in the land. And the youth had heard his companion say, too, that some strange event had startled the smuggler into his career of deeper crime.

"Mark Warrenton," the chieftain finally said, raising his head and gazing into the old mariner's weather-face, "you know me in years gone by."

"I have your by reputation, and by sight," replied Mark, with a shudder.

"And were you not on shore when Sir Owen Cleveland died?"

"Yes—I happened to be at home then. That was two-and-twenty years ago."

"Exactly," added Grusker. "You know Sir Owen?"

"By sight. But my mother knew him well."

"Now tell me," pursued the pirate, giving more earnest in his manner, "did you ever hear anything about his will?"

"Why," said Mark, thoughtfully, "I've heard my mother speak of her; and methinks I've heard others. I've heard my mother say that Sir Owen would never have married the lady Annabella if his stepmother hadn't really forced him to it."

"Did you ever hear where this Annabella came from?"

"No. I never new anybody that knew."

Dixon Grusker started up from his seat, and walked across the cabin, and when he sat down again he seemed more calm.

"I suppose you can tell me no more," he said.

"I know of nothin' more," replied Mark.

The pirate then fixed his eye upon Julian, and kept them that for some moments. It was an eager, earnest gaze, as though the man were reading in a history from those youthful features.

"Captain Grusker," our hero at length said, "we have told you all we know, and will you not now do the same? Will you not tell me why the earl would have my life?"

"I have not said that the earl wished such a thing."

"It matters not what you have said. You know that it is so, and I know that you know it. Now will you tell me?"

"I might if I could, but I cannot."

"Will you tell me, at least, anything information," said Julian, impatiently.

"Well—you gave me none, and I have none for you."

"And you will murder me, then, upon the mere back of a child's whim, without a cause?" cried the youth, bitterly.

"I think she's more—over, sir. She carries the heart of a man in her bosom."

"Hold on till we can see her hull. By the lift o' her, but I love to see what she is before I know her my heels!"

"Now she's turned Cartham, a few minutes afterwards. She's—over, sir—and a heavy one."

"Can you see her?"

"Hold on—Aye, aye—I've carries eighteen of metal."

"That'll do! You hear—come down. Position ether her! We should try poke her nose up here!"

"She comes—over," suggested the lieutenant.

"Then she's—over on our track, as long as she plases to—and she's for wearing ship, sir. We'll take her—on the other quarter for a while."

The brig was soon standing to the northward, with the wind upon its larboard quarter, and all sail set and drawing. It was now near noon, and it was soon evident that the Rover did not gain anything on Julian's fleet-footed vessel and her consorts. By one o'clock the hull of the war vessel could be seen from the pirate's deck, and by two hour later it was very evident that she never was gaining. All was contented now on board the Rover. Every stitch of canvas which could possibly be offered to the breeze was spread, and the men even resorted to the expedient of throwing water upon the lower sails. At three o'clock the men of war was not over five miles distant.

"I've seen the time," muttered Grusker, "that I couldn't run from that fellow; but our crew has been fearfully thinned out. By the mass! that last flag below has picked off more of the best of 'em. But I'll settle with him as soon as we get out of this scrape. If the old Rover holds her own as she has done, we may get clear yet, and escape in the dark."

"There's a chance for it," replied Cartham.

And so it would seem, for during the next two hours the pursuer gained not very little—not over half a mile—and it was now past five o'clock. At seven o'clock the vessels were less than four miles apart, and when the sun went down the pirates were sure of escaping without a shot. The twilight was very clear, but there would be no moon, and they felt confident of darkness enough to attempt an escape. But at eight o'clock the hull upon the war brig could be seen against the clear sky; and of course the pirates knew that their own spars could be seen equally well from the deck of the cruiser.

"Isn't there a lane coming up from the world?" asked the captain, who had grown very nervous and uneasy. His forced levies, and a good much of his iron fortitude and forsaken him in his weakness and pain. He was not so well as he had thought. The removal from the quiet retreat of Walhill to the berth of his dock had shown to him how serious his hurt had been. "It is a haze," he added, hopefully.

"It feels damp and foggy," returned Cartham, holding up his hand so that the air might strike it. "It's a haze, and it's riding," pursued the shipkeeper. "We'll have it dark enough before long."

"In half an hour we should have," said the lieutenant.

"In less time," added Grusker. And he was right, for within twenty minutes the fog had swept over them, and the stars were all obscured, shutting out the men-of-war so deeply as that black curtain had been dropped down between them.

"We are safe now." the pirate captain cried, starting to his feet with a lighter tread. "But let all hands remain up for the present. You may keep away before this breeze a while, Mr. Cartham, and we will go upon the other tack. Let the men have their supper."

During the time spent upon the brig's deck, the two prisoners had been listening and understanding all that was going on; and Julian had been busy with other thoughts, too. The repair which he had received had given him new hope, and he had received that if his life must yet be sought so surely for his capture. The chance of escape seemed small indeed, but any chance, even so slight, gave food for planning and hoping.

"Julian," whispered Mark, "it's growing dark."

"Yes," responded the youth. "It must be very near nightfall."

"And I think the man-o'-war's gaining on us."

"She must be, Mark; but I fear she won't overhaul us. The pirate will get off under cover of the darkness."

"So I've thought; and I've thought o' something else, Julian."

"Ah—what?"

"They'll—pursued the old sailor, in a low, cautious tone, "that if we could contrive to get out o' this, so'l get into the sea, even if we had only a plank to help us, we'd better run the risk o' bein' picked up by the cruiser than stay here. I've been thinking o' that, me boy."

"And what has occupied my thoughts," returned Julian. "And I've made a discovery, too."

"Eh—what?"

"I can slip my hand-iron off."

"Ye can?"

"Yes." And as Julian spoke he drew his right hand from the shackle. His limbs were of that peculiar tapering form, sometimes possessed by persons of finely-built, muscular frames and his wrists were nearly as large as his hands. The consequence was that an ordinary iron could be removed without much difficulty.

"Now what?" whispered Mark, who seemed to have been helped for along upon the road of hope by this circumstance.

"In the first place," replied the youth, "I can easily remove the rest of our irons."

"Aye, aye," responded the old man, attentively.

"But," pursued Julian, "if we would escape we must dispose of the two men who come to wait upon us."

"Well—you've got a knife."

"And I should not hesitate to use it."

"Hesitate! Would ye think for a moment of hesitating? Good Lord! I'd as soon think of hesitating about trendin' on a piece regular with my head. You know they'll murder us if they keep us. In course ye won't hesitate there."

"Not a bit of it, Mark, since I can see no have no other hope. I wouldn't take the life of a free-in cold blood, nor out of revenge; but when I think of my mother, and of another, and of that being, whom I love, I would not hesitate to cut my way through a thousand such men."

"That's the kind o' talk, me boy. By the gods o' war! but we'll have a try at it. Suppose ye loosen the rest of the irons an' then we'll be better prepared in case anything should turn up. We can't keep 'em on, at best, all the same."

"I'll do that," returned the youth. And the work was very simple. He took the irons from his hands, and leaving fell out a crack in the deck he found the middle of the long iron bar, and easily lugged it so as to slip it out. Then with the bar, with break from its shackles, he readily straightened the remainder of the keys. These having been once removed, so that the prisoners were assured that they could be replaced on an instant, they were put back, and the irons seemed to be as firmly fixed in their place as ever.

And now how should they work out the rest of their plan? The men were to wait upon them, and the way of escape was narrow indeed, even could the plan be passed. But they must run risk if they remained where they were—as they could not possibly fall into the arms of a worse fate.

CHAPTER XI.

A DARK NIGHT UPON THE SEA!

Mark Warrenton was almost enraged, and had he been alone he might have planned as well as any one; but from an instinctive deference to one who, though so much younger in years, was his superior in rank, in knight, quiet, and awaited the issue of Julian's meditations.

"I can think of but one way," finally spoke our hero.

"Let's have it," said Mark; "I'm ready for anything."

"We must despatch those two men when they come down. The boatswain has just piped to supper, and they'll probably bring us our allowance before long. We can rap them upon the head with the bar of our fetters, and if we do it carefully they won't make any noise after it. But that will not suffice. Should we leave them so they might be up and after us before we could gain the deck. We shall be obliged to bind them before we leave them. Then we'll take their hats and jackets, and under the rest of our way as best we can."

"That would better be perfect returned Mark, "for they may be down alone long."

"Well! do all at once," said Glendower. "There are two steel stanchions but shaft here, between which I can stand, and be prepared for them."

This seemed the best plan that they could in present at work at once to put their plan into execution. Their irons were removed and laid so by, with the exception of the bar, which was left in a fast-shackles, and they then sought out the stanchions. They were smooth bars of iron, about the support of the ships overhead. It was plainly to be seen that they were intended to support two of each other, but if the pirates came with a lantern they would have light enough.

"Stooping the men's heads will take a notion to come down first," suggested Mark.

"Then one must be the first to be disposed of," replied Julian. "We have no choice in the matter. If we are detected, we will be lost. I'll first come the first served" in this case."

"Exactly," responded the old man. "I'll take the one that comes nearest to me."

"And take him surely."

"Never fear, boy. This arm is old, but it's used to such kind o' work. I'll give 'im a rap that'll send his soul out o' his body."

In a little while it was evident that the men had eaten their suppers, and the prisoners began to watch eagerly for the coming of their attendants. They could hear the voice of the captain on deck, and they could understand that all hands were to be kept up awhile longer. At length a step was heard upon the ladder, and in a moment more the faint glimmering of a light penetrated the deep gloom.

"—sh!" came from the lips of the youth, as the footsteps drew still past him. "They are coming!"

"I know," whispered Mark.

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There were two of the pirate cousins, as before, one of whom carried a lantern, while the other bore a large wooden tray, upon which were food and drink.

"Hallo!" cried he with the lantern, "ye haint gone to sleep without yer supper, have ye?"

"They're stowed away by the forward, I guess," suggested the other. "Methe that plank flight-ened 'em."

"Shouldn't wonder," responded the first speaker, "Hallo! Where are ye?"

This was spoken just as they came abreast of the starchiron. Julian could see on them both, the one with the lantern being nearest to him. He allowed them to pass on a step further, and then he raised his weapon. His aim was sure, and when he dealt the blow, which he did with all the power he could command, the villain sank beneath it without even a groan. And Mark had been no less sure. He had watched the movements of his companion, and his bar had kept exact time with the other, and as he blow fell, his man fell with it. Julian caught the lantern in time to prevent it from being extinguished, and then proceeded at once to search the fallen pirates. Under almost any other circumstances he would have shrunk from this fatal work; but there was no other alternative so he darted not hesitate. As soon as the men were both dead, the prisoners stripped of their pea-jackets, and put them on, and then they and their booties cage.

"We'd better leave the lantern here," said Mark, when they were ready to start.

"Of course," replied the youth; "and we must put it out, too. Now," he continued, after he had extinguished the light, "we may move on, but we must move carefully. We have a hard chance yet. If we are detected we are gone. I wonder if the carrier-pigeon has started on her over the hills."

"She must," answered Mark, "for she has none to bet back."

"Then we may manage to cut away one of them. Come, be careful, now—but not too careful. Follow me."

Then speaking, our hero gripped his way to the ladder, and cautiously ascended it. As he raised his head above the hatchway, he found that a dense fog had crept out over the sea, and that it was intensely dark. He stepped boldly over the coaming upon the deck, and then took his eyes about him. He could see the dim outlines of some of the men, but not even a form could be discerned, so fathom's distance. He could see no one moving in the larboard gangway, so he went forward upon that side. He stepped to the second port from the bows, and looked around to see if Mark was near him. He found that the old man close behind him, and he was upon the point of whispering in his ear, when some one stepped from the spot where they stood. It was too late to count them behind the gun, for they might be detected in the act; so they remained as they were until the man passed without seeming to notice them, and was quickly lost in the dense shadow.

"Now," whispered Julian, "we'll slip out through this port, and try our luck there."

"Hadn't we better take the rest of some of the rascals' rigsh with us?" asked Mark.

"Can you find any handily?"

"Yes. I guess I've got my hand on the topsail halt-bowline now."

"Then bring them along. But mind—no noise."

Julian then slipped down to the hole of the gun, and he soon satisfied himself that there was a space quite behind enough for the starboard against the edge of the channels.

"It's a signal," whispered Mark, "for the lest crew's behind to the main channel. We must not away there first. Give me the hitch, sir! I'll do it."

"No, no," returned Julian; "we must both go, for 'twill not do to let it fall into the water. We must lower it down, and you can't do that alone."

This was evident enough, so both of them stepped aft upon the spar. The help was going through the water at a good rate, for the ship was very nearly before the wind, she sailed steadily upon an even keel, so there was little danger of the adventurers losing their hold because of the ordinary lurching, as they grasped their way along in the dim place. The main chains were reached and the lashing found, and while Mark made fast the end of the rope which he had brought with him, Julian went at work upon the fastenings of the spar. He felt that slowly in the best way possible, but he persevered, and at length had the satisfaction of feeling the lashing give way.

"Have you got your rope fast?" he asked.

"All fast," responded Mark.

"Then stand by!"

In a little while longer Julian found that the spar was going, and he paid it out slowly as he moved along to lend his companion a hand, but he was too late. He had several minutes more than half the lowing, and the rest gave quickly away. It was too dark for the ship to make much haste, and it was not difficult for the old man to hold the ponderous mast alone, he was forced to let it go. It fell into the water with a loud splash, and in a moment more they heard the sounds of snapping strands forward. The sudden falling of the heel of the heavy spar had upended like an immense lever, or heaver, upon the edge of the bow-chock, twisting it asunder like a whip-cord. Our hero saw the mishap in a moment. He knew that the mast was gone, and in a moment more he heard the ballast snap. Then came a heavy bump upon the top rail, as the spar was thrown against it, and then sounded the voice of the pirate captain.

"Leap! leap!" cried Julian. "We can easily find the mast!"

Mark Warrenton needed no second order. He sprang out into the sea, and on the next instant his companion followed on in the same.

"What is that?" thundered Grunker, as the sounds of plashing water and crashing ropes fell upon his ear. He sprang to the side and looked over; but he could see nothing in the dense gloom.

"Bring lanterns here—quick!" he cried. "Where's the quartermaster?"

"Here, sir," answered the first functionary.

"Bring lanterns here at once."

There were two lanterns at the wheel, and as soon as they could be lighted, they were taken to the side.

"The spare topmast is gone!" exclaimed the boatswain. And as he spoke he caught the eye of the lanterns, and went out into the chains to examine the lashing.

"The lashin' was cut!" he said, with an oath that might have startled any one not so hardened as himself. "There's half the turns have been cast short off!"

"Where are those two prisoners?" cried Grunker, starting back from the bulwarks. "By the fiends of darkness, there's mischief here!"

He caught a lantern as he spoke, and hurried down the main hatchway, followed by nearly all his officers.

"There they lay—both of 'em!" said Carolan, as he caught a glimpse at the two prostrate forms. But the captain made no reply. He hastened forward, and held the lantern down to the faces of the seeming sleepers, and as the pale, cold features were revealed by the struggling light, he recognized two of his stanchest men. They were still and dead, and the blood lay in pools about them.

"Death and fathers!" he gasped, "two mutineer of men are they that thus set me at defiance! By the gods, if I can but once place my eyes upon them again, they shall know what tortures is! A hundred guineas for the hook's crew that overhauls them and brings them back!"

He hastened on deck, nearly frantic with rage and excitement.

"Down with the cutter!" he cried. "The dogs cannot have gone far!"

"But," interposed the lieutenant, "how will the boat ever find the way back to the ship in the dense—"

"We'll hoist signal lights," replied the captain. "And then the mast—the cursed mast—is out!"

"Death of my body and soul!" the mutineer ejaculate, grabbed forth, "and are they to escape me thus? Hist I be thwarted—my best men butchered under my very eye—my own life nearly set—and yet I have no power of revenge!"

"There are men who will go in the boat if you say so, sir," said Carolan.

"No, no. We should only lose them. It is no use my—the world is never fled her way back; and to give our help to the enemy. Let them go now. We'll see them again. Let them go now. Let them go now. Let them go now

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THE VIOLETS.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GREEN.

Katharine, my bride a moment all your bargold, bells-like laugh,
Push away those provoking vases—jeweled prisons for the sweetest
Ever, Kathrine and gemmeous, and camelias white and
blue—
Turn your eyes from them a moment, just to see what I have
for you.
There! the smile I half expected, curls around your pretty
mouth,
As the sight of those poor violets—children of the woods
and south—
And you seek your pony eyebrows, half in scorn and half in
pain,
Take—I height them for a penny, in the corner, as they were
cents!

Yesterday, if you remember, on the vain chase's empty way,
Bright gentlemen, crimson roses, mixed and mingled, droop-
ing low,
Filling all the room with perfume, fresh as if with drops of
dew—
Proud as he was the giver, for they came from Devereux.
Yet, they are not dead or faded—see! not one! Of such, we
know,
You will bear of them, it may be, if you come to see me die.
For the present, gift or giver must not be too deeply done—
So—the vase a little closer—so I place the violets here.

How you sit and gaze upon them! Katharine, if your fresh
lips were dyed
Into their pride can salutes, in the glance of red reproach,
I could find the heart to tell you what those flowers say to
me—
Or a My name for them this is, and a kind beyond the sea.
I was in a grove of camphor, and beside the watery grave,
Where I had my poor Newfoundland—(oh how true he was,
and brave!)
That I walked with one who loved me, just one year ago
to-day,
And he violets, in the sunshine, almost sighed me as they say
Pretty, mine, sweet blossoms! as the river banks they
flowed by—
Sweet as that we had chosen they were fairly running
wild.
They were trembling on their incense on the sunny fallows
side,
They were nesting in my bosom, they were braided in my
hair.
Arthur's lip and hand had touched them—Arthur's eyes
had watched over him—
Arthur's eyes had breathed above them, and his tears had
fallen like rain.
Was a dreary task for you, no doubt, you have heard my sto-
ries over,
You, the listened and love are faded—my life is past its noon!
Faded? Ah, but not forgotten! Though at last, as you can see,
I have made myself a victim to his wiles and treachery,
For a known friend I've chosen an enchantress like to you!
For she did true love—a-like, and for Count Rudolf Devereux
Let your fan of peacock's feathers flutter downwards to the
floor—
Speak some word of kindly meaning, for my heart is very
sore—
You are silent. Ah, you will not! Lucy Rushmore, let it be—
You boldly and an heiress. Is it true you love Devereux?
Fold your robe of shining satin round your crinkly heating
heart—
Smother down your sinking from one—as those lower heart
have done!
Was a dreary task for you, no doubt, you have heard my sto-
ries over,
You, the listened and love are faded—my life is past its noon!

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THE CONSPIRATORS;

OR,

THE TWO FRIENDS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

One evening, during the siege of Boston, two young men were walking arm in arm along the public grass called "the Common." They were well dressed, and like two who were closely intimate. Their appearance and action showed them to belong to the wealthy class of citizens. In age they were nearly equal, both being about one-and-twenty.

One of them was dark and handsome, with a fiery glance and open, bold and animated features. The other was fair, with light blue eyes, and a profile of almost effeminate delicacy of form, but a pallor of the two.

The sun was just setting. The tents of Washington's army were visible upon the distant higher over the back bay. There was a truce that day, and not only these two young men, but hundreds of the citizens, who were detained in their captured city by the tyrannical order of General Howe, thronged the Common to gaze wistfully upon the tents and intrenchings of their conqueror, without danger from their shot and shells.

A painful duty it was for the American army to bombard a place which contained so many of their own fellow-citizens; but in this world the innocent everywhere share the evils which fall upon the guilty.

The two young men were both "Boston born," born in the same street, and had grown up together.

Their names were Robert Goodenow and Laurence Hastings. The latter was the son of a colonial secretary, appointed by the English crown, but of American birth. The former was the son of the most opulent of the merchant princes which had built up the power and glory of Boston by their daring and successful commerce to all parts of the earth.

"I am delighted to see the citizens come out and breathe the fresh air without fear of shot," said Robert Goodenow, as he and his friend met in bold, animated countenance. "I wish this truce would forshadow peace forever! Why should men of the same blood, faith and tongue war against one another?"

This was spoken with feeling and energy. "The whole war is unnatural!"

His companion looked at him out of the side of his eyes, as if reading his soul furtively, and said—

"Goodenow, don't you think that England ought to withdraw her troops, and leave us to ourselves?"

"I am glad to hear you say so! Yes, by all means! We are in the right, and the mother country clearly in the wrong. But this is dangerous talk, were I not confident I spoke to a friend."

"You can speak freely as I will, Robert. It is true Howe has imprisoned three or four persons who have uttered your sentiments too openly; but between friends like us there need be no reserve!" and he smiled in the eyes of his companion.

"None, Laurence. As to expressing opinions, I am a free man, and not a slave!"

"No, we are not slaves! Howe cannot put locks upon our lips. I agree with you, since you have spoken out so freely, Robert, that the King is in the wrong."

I am rejoiced to hear this confession from your lips!"

"And why so from mine?"

"Well, because your father was an officer of the crown, and I did not know but that you might be influenced by his opinions. Now I hear he openly declared himself a Tory yesterday at Howe's table!"

"My father's opinions and mine are not necessarily the same! I am old enough to form my own!"

"Then you are an American at heart, Laurence, with an ill?"

"How could I be otherwise? I was born in Boston, and my fathers before me. In a race my ancestors have been paid Crown officers here, but why should that prevent me from being a revolutionist when the Crown plays the tyrant over the land of my birth?"

"I am very happy, Laurence. I feared, after the news yesterday, to meet you. I made the remark I did in the beginning to feel your opinion."

"And you see it beats evenly with yours?"

"Yes. And now let me say how strange it seems to me that my own born in America can go with England in this vital struggle!"

"George has proved himself a tyrant, don't you think so?"

"Yes. Caligula was a saint along side of him. What with this corrupt king and his base ministry, our poor country will have to roast all its resources to throw off the chains they have sent over to their dying of vote to part upon us! I speak boldly, Laurence! But I feel that my words fall upon the ear of a friend and sympathizer."

"Do not doubt me! Yet your caution seems to me like suspicion! Trust me freely, Robert, or not in part!"

"Pardon me, my friend! I will no longer doubt. Now listen to me. Secretly and severely young men have been organizing a company to resist the tyranny of Howe and his minions. I have proposed your name as second in command, Laurence!"

"But what?"

"Frankly, your loyalty to the revolutionary cause was called in question. I took your part. The result was, finding you were not fully trusted, I determined to see you and talk with you. This interview has decided me. I am ready to pledge my life to my friend to the death for treachery!"

"And you do me but justice, Robert. I will accept the trust you offer me with pleasure. But, however, a source of pain to me to have been suspected!"

"The suspicion was grounded wholly on your father's openly declared Toryism!"

"I accept his opinions not. When do you meet again, and where?"

"To-night and in the house at the corner of Duck Square, the occupant of which is my friend, Captain Jo Bradford."

"The five-sided edifice, with so many gables?"

"Yes. A jolly sailor, with a round face, a red nose, and entering by different ways. There we will talk with stocking feet, and are as noiseless as the grave. It is now Autumn. In a few days the back bay will be frozen over, and we propose coming to midnight on the ice to Dorchester Neck."

"It will be perilous! You will be discovered and cannonaded!" said Hastings, trying to conceal his surprise at the revelation so confidentially made to him by his trustful friend.

"Perhaps we will meet our end on the ice. A few may fall, but the main body will reach the camp. Such, even, is better than the state of suspicion and constant espionage. Boston is become a solitary bastilion. No man knows whom to speak to. It trembles the words of its neighbor!"

"The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child: and a man's foes shall be the men of his own household."

"Upon my honor, Robert, you are severe," answered Laurence, coloring.

"Are not the lots true?"

At this moment a gentleman, handsomely attired in the latest cost, dark breeches, gold buckles at knee and upon shoe, a cocked hat and powdered wig, drew near, with a lady leaning lightly upon his arm. On the other side of her walked two officers, dressed in the full uniform of scarlet and buff, and a servant in livery followed, bearing a hoop and birdlingtor," brocade and hair-powder. Her violet eyes roamed to visit stars of Heaven, and her head was bent to the left, as if listening to flowers to the scene of small. The car trembled at her voice as if it were the tinkling of a silver bell, so full of confidence in every motion of her form.

"There is the Honorable Mr. Gold and his fair ones since," said Robert, coloring with pleasurable excitement. "I must introduce you to them, Laurence, and that she was very beautiful; but in! the half had not been told me!"

As he spoke the gentleman chanced to raise her starry eyes, and by some magical sympathy their glances met, and the birdlingtor world of their conscious, without danger from their shot and shells.

A painful duty it was for the English

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1858.

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FREE-LOVERS.

The newest social conception, devised to bring mystery, notoriety and respect to the virtuous and to the concubine, and to debauch society by a subtle and easy, because sensually fascinating and comparatively impercipible process, is the Free-Love idea, which for the past three or four years has been showing itself here and there—almost always reported by our chaste contemporaries—and which grew to lusty exhibition recently in Portland, Vermont. We believe there is but one opinion among observers, and that is, that the Free-Love doctrines are a set of persons who have vainly sought notoriety in other directions—persons dissatisfied with the entire present industrial and social organizations based on reconstructing society, by substituting the concubit of their own brutal appetites, in lieu of the prevailing, common-sense principles developed by ages, in accordance with the highest fitness of things." In short, from description and inference, we judge these social leaders to be the veriest social vagabonds—mangy dogs in the social manger, who, violated and done, would corrupt whoever it virtuous, industrious and practical, by their own idle, miserable, rotten level.

The programme of these leaders sets forth an intended to entirely reform society, through personal attraction—to do away with all legal and moral restraints on the part of individual men, women and children, save such as themselves with the dictates of the individual. If the eye or heart of man, or woman, craves other sexual than the one to whom he or she has been ceremoniously united, for good and ill, and through life, they have the leaden purpose to give that desire full play—to embrace it as the sovereign guide and judge in all human social relations. They propose to carry more successfully to push their debauching system, to make life a round of sensual and sensuous—a series of dancing, singing, feasting, and flirting scenes, in the magnetic circle of which, all gay and glittering, the grossest and more excitable passions will be developed, and all the subtler refinements put down, until the novices—at first shrinking from promiscuous pollucing contact—are bound finally to sensual feasts, and linked to them back to serious life with disgust, as they will be in go forward, zealously, to the holocaust consummation of this new social orgy.

Long before the time of Christ, loose philosophers and gay courtesans of Greece played this same hideous, tough seeming to the lovers of the mangue. They dreamed of an age in which passion should enjoy a refined and gilded triumph—a time when the ceremony accorded to passion, attraction, and the human race flourishing in unrestrained individual sovereignty. If the Free-Lovers of our era seek to give woman the "right to choose the father of her children," the Free-Lovers of Greece, with a larger liberality, proposed to give her the right to choose as many fathers for her children as she pleased. Our Free-Lovers—some of essence—will come to the same result. Indulging the best of virginity in this imaginary fancy ease, and finding the change of nature seemingly agreeable, they will soon long for a better change, and so indulge in "pastures new for sweet."

If life seems but the very best of youth, or the healthy, vigorous day of manhood, Free-Lovism, with its music and dancing, and flowers and flirting, might bear some relation to our social well-being—but since life is a chequered journey, that is built under clouded as well as sunny skies, and less sickness and sorrow as well as health and mirth, and misfortune and adversity as well as joy and good fortune, to be provided for, it strikes us, that with all the errors, complexities, perplexities, disadvantages, and mistakes occurring, our present system of society, with its legal, sacred marriage bond, its family group linked together by a sense of duty and responsibility, as well as by affection, and its home hallowed by the unity of all under its roof, and the certainty that there can be no rupture of that unity, ordinarily speaking, without seeking shame falling on him or her who brings it—such a system is better on the whole than the hasty concord just huddled from the brains of a few sybil hysterics—a crisis between Clipper Love is also.

For all pure, honest love, there is freedom enough under the system that has served us, as it has served our fathers—and their fathers through generations that have conquered more earth, braved more perils, and established more and better governments and institutions, than ever will enter into the imagination of these Free-Love pets. In the East, where man is a sickly tyrant and woman a passive slave, Free-Leveling has done its work, and social, political and industrial imbecility, are the legitimate fruits. Out in Utah, Free-Love is also doing its perfect, abominable work. Those who are for subjecting the man to the animal, and for making woman the mistress of that animal—picking her up here in sunshine and casting her off there in storm, leaving her tossed to scatter as fate will—will all hasten to the Free-Love feast, and the devilish revel will go on, at first with dainty, relishing step and seemly behavior, but at length with riotous swiftness, to end in a reckless debauch. Quit upon it!

PROCRASTINATION.

How true the proverb, "Procrastination is the thief of time!" And not only of time, but of opportunity, purposes, and pleasure. The human mind is ever wavering, halting, deferring. We postpone the thing we thought to have done, and neglect to have done, with a frequency that would seem to infer our certainty of endless to-morrows. The purpose of the moment is thrust forward, and the burden of to-day is laid on the shoulders of to-morrow. And this, in spite of the perpetual warning that there is no certain morrow—nay, not even one certain future hour to say living human soul. To procrastination, universal man owes more of dependence, failure, misfortune and wreck, than to all things else.

Whoever holds forward over his course of life, may see numberless blank spaces—last hours, days and years—which, when they return to him, cannot; opportunities wasted, which no grief nor penitence can recall. How many a life is left closing, is found to have been misspent through procrastination, by those who, looking back upon it, and multitudinous successes that might have been won, and man never delayed his well-considered purposes, and to the unexpected and sudden lives. And most of all, strange as it may seem, do we procrastinate in sunshine and happiness. With the latest exception, we are all intending to begin sunshine by and by. We reserve until next year, or at some future time, we are going to do the crowning act of every mortal life—to live. If "happiness is our being's end and aim," as the poet has it, we ought, if it were possible, to have been happy every day of our lives. But we cannot banish procrastination even here. In our moments, as in our years, we postpone the best occasion as it wrecks our fortunes, darkens our hopes, blights our prospects, and ruins our lives.

That which man is "going to do," let it not be delayed. Let each day and hour behold the consummation of their work. What ought to be done now, will not be done hereafter. Then there are those who in the city who have been long resolved to retire from business, and enjoy the "remainder of their days," but where one pursues this worthy, this good resolve, hundreds are procrastinate until the boat to the goal-mark on life's dial, and the sun and shadow pass over them, with all their better purposes unfulfilled. Wiser is he who heeds the adage—"delays are dangerous"—who acts while he thinks, and who "makes hay while the sun shines," and who, in the full flood of his powers, puts his shoulder to his only hour. Such men's lives will seldom be failures.

INTEGRITY.

This word, according to its etymology, expresses the state of oneness in anything. But, correctly speaking, it is applied to moral character. It is the foundation of the revelation of the Bible, in common with all systems of true religion. Integrity is the very corner-stone of all true character. It has been so applied ever since the translation of the rewrite

WORDS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Evermore hath ocean, all blend of many runes,
And hues, upon the bright Proteus's brooks
Giveth her fervent beauty. The rich vase
Bears sorcerly able to encode the weight
And rest of their modesty, while the iron
Unbid their sacred-like linings, for the fire
To write with pencil of its scorching ray.
The scene of Him who made them. Evening brings
The balmy breeze to soothe the weary nerve,
And bless the sentient ere he goes to rest,
Taking the incense of this glorious world
Into his pinions.

The words that florence speaks
Make impress like a lover's dashes,
Sweeping away the hinder harmonies
Of timid lovers. Brown Andrew's prayer-hand
Purchases may bear as like the wicket pain
From earth's sweet fields away. And if he should,
Who will remember on a longer time
Than the blessed spirit of the fallen leaf
That floats adrift?

Such reason hath its speech,
And spirit of likeness, and he who hears them well
Shall sit at Nature's feet and stock His best
With store for use and of choice. Man doth speak
In many languages, but still his words
Turn to this air, their natural element.
The needs attach born on the finger's tips
Are equal of speech, and with the human mood
A moment, and is gone.

The mighty vows
Of the great Creator that rules the throne,
Rise with the cadence of his glowing thought;
Him, like the waves that the oak may grow
And wear its crown contented. Deathless deeds
That shake the globe, were born of Mind's worth,
Like exalted remembrance.

Man's most high resolves
May spring from any accent than a native speech
Than his earliest, lasting prattle
Of mother tongue.

Oh, ye fleeting words,
We fear ye.—For your existence is free
And lives a being when this body sinks
To its last sleep in dust. To seem is sin
Upon the tiller's lip and brave no more
Than whispers—yet ye are not as ye seem
Ye are the living Angel bliss of Heaven
And take your places as the words of God and thought
To bear divine witness at the Judgment Day.

Baltimore, June 21st, 1858.

RICHARD HOFFMAN:

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND REDEMPTION.

CHAPTER LXIX.

BRINGING A BRAHMIN TO TERMS.

When Sir Charles Fourrous arrived at the quarters of Major Pfaulmoore, he found the dauntless Welshman and most of the officers of the regiment imprisoned by sepoys in the bungalow. In the same room with them was a tall, gaunt-looking fakir, his beard behind him, and quite covered by a couple of soldiers.

The fakir had been detected spying out the exact position of the regiment, and the arrangements for marching guard during the night, &c. He had been captured by the patrol in his attempt to conceal himself in one of the deserted houses in the village.

From the crowd of females who gathered round the door of the bungalow, and the deep interest they betrayed for his safety, Dr. Burke, who again acted as interpreter, concluded that either the prisoner must be well known, but a person of great reputed sanctity.

To every question addressed to him, the old man had hitherto maintained an obstinate silence.

"Won't speak, won't he?" Sir Charles heard Pfaulmoore exclaim, as he approached the group. "Some of the sepoys; the cat may make him find his tongue."

The fakir, who evidently understood the measure, smiled disdainfully. Death, under such circumstances, would be the reverse of joy—the martyr's palm—the consummation of his most ardent wish.

To rush a man, death had no terrors.

The commander of the fleet was specially put in possession of the fakir for the time.

As there appeared no positive proof that the prisoner was other than he seemed—one of those wandering fanatics who are the pest of India—he hesitated to carry out the suggestion of the major as an act of positive injustice.

"The old fellow understands him speak," observed Dr. Burke; "he would die under it."

"What is it you advise?"

"It is my opinion he is no fakir," replied the man of science, eyeing the prisoner as critically as a jockey might do the points of a horse. "He has the type of a much higher caste—the features of the Brahmin."

At this observation, the old man, despite his endeavors to conceal it, appeared evidently disconcerted.

"How are we to ascertain it?" inquired the colonel.

"Nothing more easy," said the doctor; "a Brahmin never removes from his person any spiritual cord which in infancy is placed around his neck."

"A cord!" repeated the sepoy chief, and that neck, too! Very sensible arrangement; spares a world of trouble when their time comes."

"In real signification, I believe, has never been ascertained. Question ten Brahmins on the subject, and it is as many chances to one that no two each give a different explanation of it."

"I do not believe," observed Sir Charles, "even should your suspicion prove correct, how the confession of it would unsoul the religion of our enemies."

"Leave that to me," exclaimed Dr. Burke; "I'll be proven to be a Brahmin, he shall find that I have not studied the Vedas for nothing."

The old man glanced round the audience with eyes so full of hatred and terror, and a countenance expressive of such diabolical passion, that he resembled some animal of prey hunted to his lair, rather than man besieged.

"Strip him to the waist," said the colonel, addressing the soldiers who guarded him.

The men wielded for no second order, but tore off the ragged mantle which enveloped the form of their prisoner. The suspicion of the doctor was confirmed—from his right shoulder hung the mystic cord.

"Slay me," said the Brahmin, speaking in excellent English, "but dare not to profane my person."

"Your life is in your own hands," replied the commander of the fleet. "You are a detected spy, and the penalty is death."

"I am prepared to pay it," said the captive, cheerfully. "The law of the Christian is always just."

There was a slight touch of irony in the tone of the speaker which did not pass unnoticed by those around him.

"You may escape it," observed Sir Charles.

"How?"

"By revealing to us the designs of the rajah Arlow."

"Christian," demanded the old sage, calmly, "what bribe would induce you to betray the men under your command—deliver them up to the enemy—to sell the honor of your country?"

"Insolent rascal!" muttered Major Pfaulmoore. "To suppose such a thing possible in a British officer!"

"Not all the wealth of India," replied the baronet.

The Brahmin drew himself proudly up.

"The Hindoo," he exclaimed, "has also a country, compared to which Europe is as the carcass and the jungle a few wretched parishs have reclaimed—a civilization before which the burning and science of the western world are but as the things of yesterday."

"And yet we have held your land," observed Sir Charles, struck by the tone of his reply.

"At the tiger holds its prey," retorted the prisoner—"by the fangs!"

"The spy is condemned to all honorable warfare."

"And yet you employ them."

"But we do not aim our weapons against helpless women and children," answered the commander of the fleet—"or perpetrate outrages which language fails to find words to name."

"Each nation has its own peculiar mode of warfare," was the quiet rejoinder.

THE BRAHMIN SUSPECTED.

"The observation is a just one," observed Dr. Burke. "You have fallen into our hands, and cannot complain if we make reprisals."

"I am prepared for death," said the Brahmin.

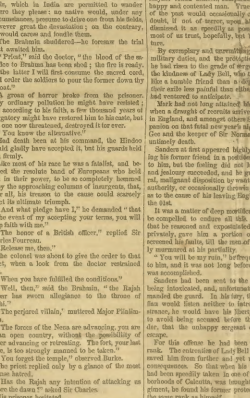
"*And the consequences?*"

"Is indifferent to me."

"We shall see."

"I fear you not!" exclaimed the fanatic; "for beyond the violence and cruelties with which men guards its follow, I behold the spirit's freedom from its home of clay—the absorption into the Great Being—its endless ages of blissful contemplation!"

The faith of the Hindoo, after all, as professed by



THE BRAHMIN SUSPECTED.

the higher castes, is not the gross blindstry and superstitious European have been taught to believe.

Dr. Burke, who, with the permission of Sir Charles, had now taken the direction of affairs, whispered his instructions to one of the men, who quitted the house, but in a short time returned with a bowl of blood taken from one of the sacred bulls, which in India are permitted to wander where they please; no native would, under any circumstances, presume to drive one from his fields, however great the devastation; on the contrary, he would caress and feed them.

The Brahmin shuddered—he foresaw the trial that awaited him.

"Priest," said the doctor, "the blood of the sacrifice to Brahma has been shed; the fire is ready. In the latter I will first consume the sacred cord, and order the soldiers to pour the former down thy throat."

A groan of horror broke from the prisoner. Any ordinary pollution he might have resisted; for, according to his faith, a few thousand years of purgatory might have restored him to his caste, but the one now threatened, destroyed it for ever.

"You have the alternative."

Had death been at his command, the Hindoo would gladly have accepted it, but his gentle bold him firmly.

Like most of his race he was a fatalist, and believed the resolute hand of European who held him in their power, to be as completely hemmed in by the approaching columns of insurgents, that, after all, his escape in the cause could scarcely affect its ultimate triumph.

"And what pledge have I," he demanded "that in the event of my life being spared, all shall not have been faith with me."

"The honor of a British officer," replied Sir Charles Fourrous.

"Release me, then."

The colonel was about to give the order to that effect, when a look from the doctor restrained him.

"When you have fulfilled the conditions."

"Well, then," said the Brahmin, "the Rajah Arlow has sworn allegiance to the throne of Delhi."

"The perjured villain," muttered Major Pfaulmoore.

"The forces of the Nena are advancing, you are in an open country, without the possibility of either advancing or retreating. The fort, your last hope, is too strongly manned to be taken."

"You forget the cruiser," observed Burke.

The priest replied only by a glance of the most intense hatred.

"Has the Rajah any intention of attacking us before the forces of Nena?" said Sir Charles.

His prisoner hesitated.

"Remember," continued the speaker, "that in the only we condition of the case depends your safety—that I give my honor Deceive me in a single point, and I as once recall the pledge."

"He has!"

"At what hour?"

"Midnight."

"He shall find us prepared to receive him," exclaimed the commander of the fleet. "You will remain a prisoner till the morning, when, if your statements prove true, you shall receive your liberty; if not—"

Here he pointed with a significant gesture to the level of blood.

The Brahmin was committed to the care of a sergeant and four of the best men of the regiment, with directions to shoot him if he attempted to escape—an order they were not likely to trifle with, for the news of the massacre of Cawnpore and merciless outrages practiced upon the sepoy wives and children, as well as officers, had raised them to a pitch of fury bordering upon madness.

A council of officers was immediately called to decide what was best to be done in the emergency, which, strange to say, the opinion of one who was scarcely be looked upon as a military man was adopted.

Dr. Burke proposed that they should at once march from the village, and take possession of the temple. From a boy, whom he had questioned, he had acquired the certainty that it was not only well stocked with provisions, but provided with means of defence.

The next difficulty was, to find a messenger to carry intelligence of their position to General Anson, who was rapidly marching towards Delhi; a dilemma from which Mark Rayner—whom our reader have lost sight of for some time, but, we trust, not forgotten—relieved them.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE MESSENGER.

For some time after his arrival in India, Mark Rayner found himself comparatively speaking, a happy and contented man. True, the recollection of the past would occasionally cast a shadow of gloom, of fear, of terror, upon him; but he had dismissed it as especially as possible, trusting, as most of us must, hopefully, but blindly, to the future.

By exemplary and unremitting attention to his military duties, and the protection of Sir Charles, he had risen to the grade of sergeant-major, which the kindness of Lady Bell, who treated Rose more like a beautiful friend than a dependant, rendered their exile less painful than either husband or wife had ventured to anticipate.

Mark had not long attained his last promotion when a draught of recruits arrived from the depot in Bagheal, and amongst others there was the expression on that fatal new year's night when Barney Gee and the keeper of Sir Norman built met their untimely death.

Sanders at first appeared blindly pleased at finding his former friend in a position to be of service to him, but the feeling did not last long. Envy and jealousy succeeded, and he gratified his natural malignant disposition to secretly thwart his authority, or occasionally throwing out dark hints as to the cause of his having England and joining the army.

It was a matter of deep mortification to Mark to be compelled to keep all this a secret, but in vain that he reasoned and expostulated with the fellow privately, pointing out the folly of his own and accused his faults, till the men of his troop openly refused to sit patiently.

"You will be my ruin," he frequently remarked to him, and it was not long before the prediction was fulfilled.

Sanders had been sent to the guard-house for drunkenness and insubordination, when Mark commanded the guard. In his fury, the drunken ruffian struck his former benefactor no unconscionable, he would have his liberty. It was only when Mark had left the room, and was under arrest, that the unhappy sergeant received at his escape.

For this offense he had been deprived of his rank. The relentless of Lady Bell and Lillian had saved him from further pain and still severer consequences. So that when his persecutor, who had been speedily taken in one of the low neighborhoods of Calcutta, was brought back to the regiment by Major Pfaulmoore protector restored to the same rank as himself.

This relented him, and he awhile he left him unmolested.

Mark, who bitterly regretted his degradation—more, perhaps, on his wife's account than his own—had long since resolved that, if ever an opportunity of distinguishing himself occurred, he would seize it, even at the risk of life. In the necessity for finding a messenger the sergeant-major saw a General Anson, such an occasion had now occurred. He spoke the language fluently, and from disguise, and his knowledge of the country would, in all probability, pass for a native.

The only difficulty was to find a messenger to whom the colonel could confide. Many Sepoys were ready to undertake the enterprise, but the majority of them were disaffected, and the few on whose fidelity they could rely were too ignorant of the country to be of any service.

Mark was ordered to relate whilst his offer was being considered. Dawish, who had taken an intense dislike to him from his connection, and as supposed, with Lillian, was the only one who opposed it, and even he objected indirectly.

"A fellow who has been broken in the ranks," he observed, "can scarcely be trusted. Probably his object is to creep out of danger, or to desert."

The major reminded him that the dangers Mark was likely to encounter by remaining with his regiment were slight, compared with those he would have to incur in the event of his offer being accepted; "and as for deserting," he added, "it would do that any time."

The former muttered something about knowing the language.

"Speaks it better than any officer in the regiment," replied the doctor, in answer to the second objection; "but I perfectly understand Rayner's motives."

The latter colored, a proof that it was not a very honorable one, and his brother officers looked astonished.

"He wishes," added Burke, with a slight—only a very slight smile—"to undertake the enterprise to make himself."

"In that case," exclaimed Pfaulmoore, "the colonel, I am convinced, will be the last to disappoint so honorable an ambition."

"Certainly," replied Sir Charles.

Dawish hastily assured the commander that had he supposed even a slight knowledge of Hindostanee, nothing would have delighted him sooner; still, if ordered to attempt it, he was ready, quite ready.

Mark was called in and questioned by his commander.

"In what way do you propose to cross the country, and meet the general?" was the first question addressed to him.

"Disguised as a native."

"You must be well armed," observed Pfaulmoore.

"Pardon, major," replied the volunteer, adopting his specialty's view of the matter, "I would go without arms of any kind."

"Not without common country, I suppose?" suggested Dawish.

"I do not expect," answered Mark; "money would be as valuable to bribe, in the event of my being found out, as a sword would be to me. I have considered of my purpose well," he added, "and am convinced that my only chance of success will be in assuming the dress and habits of those fanatics whom I have so often noticed in Calcutta. I believe I can imitate them well enough to deceive even the most detective."

And in the event of success, what recompense do you expect?" inquired his colonel.

"The satisfaction of having done my duty," replied the poor fellow, in a tone that was far to prove his sincerity—"of having served those," he added, "who have befriended me—of showing that I am not ungrateful."

"Well, what the thing we can do," whispered Pfaulmoore in the ear of his commander; "out that I am responsible for the failure."

"I do," replied Sir Charles, with which observation the discussion ended. Mark, being informed that his offer was accepted, retired to prepare for his utmost tedious enterprise.

The necessary disguise was easily procured in a Hindoo village deserted by all its male inhabitants.

Within an hour Mark made his appearance at the quarters of the colonel, accompanied by Doctor Burke, who had assisted at the metamorphose of the English sergeant into an Indian fakir, and good-naturedly furnished him with such hints and suggestions as might prove serviceable to him in the difficult enterprise in had undertaken.

So complete was the change, that on their return into the room, neither Lady Bell nor Lillian recognized the former—it was the eye of affection only that it could not deceive. Rose knew in an instant, and threw herself upon his shoulders.

"Pardon her, colonel," said the poor fellow, deeply moved; "if you only knew all that she has endured for my sake. I am ready now," he added, gently removing her arms from his neck, "quite ready to receive your last orders."

These were soon given, for time and danger pressed.

"You will describe our position to Anson," said Sir Charles, speaking with stern and soldierly brevity. "Tell him that the fort will hold out against any odds the rebels may bring against them, to the last man—to succor it he can, if not, avenge us."

Lillian had been informed that a letter might compromise the success as well as safety of the emissary, and forbore sending a line to Richard, as what might possibly prove a last adieu, she had cut off a lock of her long, silken hair, and placed it in the hands of Mark.

"You know for whom," she said. "God speed you! we will pray for you!"

The disguised soldier pressed his wife in one long, lingering embrace of love and agony. Then, without uttering a word, saluted his officers, and darted from the room.

Meanwhile Major Pfaulmoore had not been idle. After duly considering the position of affairs, he had come to the resolution, subject, of course, to the approval of his commanding officer, to station himself, with a party of men, in the wood which skirted the village, and give the traitorous rajah and his troop a warm reception. Even if it failed to throw them into confusion, it would give time to fire the village, and allow the main body of the regiment to penetrate the jungle on their way to the temple, now their last hope.

When the colonel heard his plan, he warmly approved it, but at the same time urged, that as it was the post of danger, he ought to command the party in person.

"And so deprive me of the credit," replied the major, who perfectly comprehended the sensitive honor which inced to be maligned. "No, Sir Charles, as senior to our first arrangement. Whether the fort return to England or learn to die out in India, rely upon it," he added, "that the courage of the commander will remain as undiminished as the host that ever bore his name, and if any one doubts it, refer him to David Ap Od Pfaulmoore."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE RETREAT FROM THE JUNGLE.

The temple of Maniaela was situated on the brow of a gently sloping hill, one of a chain interesting a vast plain, cultivated only in patches, the rest jungle, marsh, and forest. Although not originally intended as a place of defence, it was, like most of the religious edifices in India, a structure of considerable strength, being surrounded by a square inclosure of solid masonry, with loopholes for musketry, and lofty towers at each angle, at first sight the *ensemble* of Hindu fancy and design, but far more fantastically ornamented.

From the superior elevation the temple commanded the neighboring fort, a comparatively modern building, scarcely a mile to the westward, and so obvious were its advantages, in a strategical point of view, that it had long been the ambition of the rajah to obtain possession of it, in order to convert it into the seat of power. But the opposition of the Brahmins and the superstition of the people, who held the shrine in peculiar reverence, had hitherto retained his project. It was not without reluctance that the former consented—after he had taken a solemn oath upon the Vedas not to attempt anything against their rights —to Arlow's entering some of his troops and ammunition to their walls, as that, if driven from the fort, he might be able to make a second stand against the enemy.

His treasures, wrung from the oppressed and misled tillers of the soil, were received by them willingly. The only entrance to the quadrangle was by a single gate, the exterior of which the architect had placed the sacred bull, each a colossal proportion. In the interior rose the edifice, profusely decorated with sculptured monstrosities, both external and within. Surrounding it were several ranges of low-roofed buildings, which served as dormitories for the priests, the pilgrims and pilgrims who annually visited the temple. Such was the place to which Sir Charles Fourrous had resolved to retreat, with his gallant regiment, and await the arrival of the forces rapidly advancing to the aid of India.

The precautions which the British commander had taken in placing a line of sentinels to prevent all communications between the fort and the inhabitants of the village, and the apparent neglect of establishing any outposts, convinced the traitorous rajah that his report of his enemy was correct, his designs of attacking them unsuspected, and that the solitary hand guest fall surprised and unprepared.

Great, therefore, was his astonishment, when the advanced guard of his troops, on emerging from the wood, which had, as they supposed, screened their approach, were received by a regular volley, which left many a saddle empty, and sent the affrighted horses and wild with pain and struggling in confusion over the plain.

Before the rebels could recover from their panic the volley was renewed.

"Well done, my gallant Major Pfaulmoore, delighted with the success of his plan; "steady, men; clear the village!"

The men formed three a-breast as coolly as if they had been at a review or on parade, and dashed at full speed through the long, straggling street. As they proceeded, those who had been placed to fire the houses rushed out, and the whole street was masked by a line of flame.

The main body of the regiment had already penetrated the jungle, and entered into the jungle, when the first volley of the major's party was fired. Sir Charles, who had hitherto kept by the side of the carriage occupied by the ladies, instantly drew rein and halted.

In a few minutes the firing was repeated.

"Major Pfaulmoore has begun," observed his wife, extending her hand as him.

"God protect you!" exclaimed the agitated husband, folding her in a passionate embrace.

"A very short time will decide our fate."

"I will not survive you," continued the heroic woman, at the same time casting a glance towards Warrior, who, pale as death, rode at the opposite side of the vehicle.

Instinctively him upon the brow of Lillian, the gallant veteran disappeared, and placed himself at the head of his men. The moment for mutual love and human weakness had been paid; his life was now his country's.

A second volley of his safety rose to the encampment on high from the hearts of his wife and splendid child, as they rode off.

"How far is the temple?" inquired her ladyship of the officer who had been left in charge of the guard to render fire.

"About a mile from the skirts of the jungle."

"And that?"

"Stretches two miles further."

From the rear of the open ground, the advance of the party was successively slow, and for some time not a sound was heard, except the heavy tramp of the horses as their hoofs fell with a dull, heavy sound upon the earth. At length a cloud of dust, the peals of stagnant water from which the poisonous malaria exhaled.

"We are followed!" exclaimed Mrs. Burke, breaking the painful silence.

Mark Warrior pressed up his horse to Imlac. The approach of cavalry was distinctly heard. It was either Major Pfaulmoore and his men, or the victorious enemy. The doubt was too agonizing to be endured. Burying his spurs into the flanks of his charger, the officer galloped forward to the rear-guard.

"Did you hear the firing?" he demanded of the senior captain who commanded it.

"Twice," replied the gallant fellow. "There is music in the ring."

"And a pretty lively tune it is," observed the doctor. "From the major for that; he is pursued.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

The rebels have avoided the burning village by a detour."

"And must overtake us."

"Little doubt of that."

The heart of the surest beat wildly, as he thought of the fearful promise he had made.

"When the major comes up," continued the speaker, "we must make a stand to enable our comrades and the ladies to reach the temple."

As he rode along, Wharton noticed that the long grass, from the excessive drought, rustled dry and crisply beneath his hoofs. But, and an idea, almost as desperate as their situation, struck him.

"I have it," he said; "let us fire the jungle."

There was a pause before the commander of the handful of men, who formed the rear-guard, replied to him.

"It is our only chance," he observed, and the next instant he gave the word to halt.

Each soldier drew his rein and sat silently and unconcerned in his saddle, as if on the old parade-ground at Calcutta. The order was given, and the scale of consulting it explained. Half the party dismounted, and began cutting, with their sabres, the long grass and reeds which they formed into bundles, and placed at equal distances. By the time they had completed their task, their countenances rele ve.

"Ride for your lives," shouted Flintimore, the instant he recognized them, as he and rebels are at least two thousand strong."

At the same moment he demanded the captain.

"About a mile."

"Plenty of time, major," said Dr. Burke, coolly. In all probability the cholera Wellesbourne would have made some not very complimentary rejoinder on finding himself so unceremoniously treated, had not shouts of treason prevented him. Before he could recover it, Burke had explained to him the suggestion of Wharton, and the steps already taken to carry it into execution.

"Capital!" he exclaimed; "we'll smoke the rascals."

Drawing his men into a wide gully, or ravine, which intersected the jungle for several miles, the major gave orders to the dismounted troopers to fire the grass. The red flames rose rapidly, and dense volumes of smoke began to spread like a vail of darkness through the atmosphere.

Scared of the brave fellows who seemed to ride in various directions scattering their burning brands, in order to increase the conflagration. The flight wind fortunately proved in the favorable direction; and when the rebel rajah and his forces came up, they found an impassable barrier of fire between them and the gallant band they had looked upon as an easy prey. The rebels made a desperate fe; fe telled in the attempt, their next endeavor was to pass beyond the limits of the area of flame. But the flames were swifter than their hoofs; the disappointed chief could only fire the fastnesses in the impotence of his fury, and reluctantly gave orders for a retreat, consoling himself with the reflection that in a few hours he would be reinforced by their countrymen they must ultimately perish.

In his rage and mortification he had forgotten the temple; and the Islanders, ignorant of the advance of the rebels, continued to be more proved to the world by a succession of unobservant unpunctuality in the history of warfare.

The danger which screened the rear-guard of the gallant dies was far from being over yet, for the fire spread with a rapidity which threatened not only the former but the former. Indeed, it was later in several instances to make long and painful detours from the track of the fiery element. Sometimes they were startled by a mingled herd of frightened deer and antelopes bounding madly through the open the pitiless flames, which crept stealthily along the ground, where the grass proved scant or low, then rose into fury, like a pack of hounds in full cry gradually gaining on the scent, was the cause to a more luxuriant vegetation.

It was singular to notice the effect which terror had produced upon the animal creation. Leopards especially the shriek or hunting species, mingled with the tiger's hard, wheezy breathing, so as to beat a victim—bar had subdued the ferocity of their nature, and more than once passed near enough the path of the returning soldiers, to lead close to the ground, as if half hoping like a torpid snake between its legs.

On passionately fond was Major Phillimore of the chase, that, had he been riding for less than life, nothing could have restrained him from his favorite sport.

We must now leave the returning party for awhile and request the attention of our readers whilst we describe what was going on in the great quadrangle of the temple, where the inhabitants of the now blazing village, by command of the Brahmins and the rajah had converged not only their provisions and cattle but whatever else of value they possessed.

Al Moorad, Nadir, the chief priest, the native magistrate, and collector were standing in the light gallery which ran round the principal tower of the building, watching the progress of the flames. There was an expression of intense satisfaction on the withered face of the Brahmin, who doubted not but an instalment of the debt of blood, due by the Christian rulers of his country had been paid. A shade of anxiety, on the contrary, rested on the features of the banker. As for their companions, they continued to gaze with that marked apathy peculiar to natives. They had sinned, been of sentence, and they trusted to their promise so to the caution of fate.

"How rapidly the flames extend," observed Al Moorad, addressing Nadir.

"The land shall be purged with fire," replied the old man. "It is not written in the Vedas"—and prepared for the last intended discoverer the—"Shastra?"

"I may rely on Asher's promise to respect the life of Ellalie?"

"As on mine."

"Should he behold her face and be fascinated by her charms!" urged the former speaker, mixed with a sudden feeling of jealousy.

"He has a mistress more beautiful," answered the Brahmin, impatiently;—"ambition and the desire of avenging the wrongs of his country, besides," he added, "have we not a pledge that might satisfy even a lovesick dotard? Are not his treasures concealed within the temple—his heavy gems and ammunition?"

"He may require them," observed the banker, "to hold his own."

"Not so; it is sufficiently armed already."

Here the two speakers were interrupted by the native police magistrate, who, during their attention to the progress of the flames, which, by this time, had spread so widely that it was evident they had extended beyond the village.

"Asher has fled to the jungle," exclaimed Nadir, in a tone of triumph. "Not a christian will escape me."

"And Lillian—the prize for which I have risked so much," exclaimed Al Moorad.

"Doubtless is in his hands," answered the priest, calmly. "I sent a sure and faithful agent to the village, who would have returned ere this had the designs of the rajah been suspected."

The speaker alluded to the pretended fakir who had fallen, as we have seen, into the hands of the colonel of the 42nd.

Before emerging from the jungle, the main body of the regiment was overtaken by the Major and his party. As the senior officer, Sir Charles opposed his hand warmly, and thanked him for the skill and courage with which he had executed his intricate task.

"The idea of setting fire to the long grass," he observed, "must have originated with the person to whose unspeakable barrier between ourselves and the rebels."

"Little doubt of that," replied the Wehtman, sighing, for that unfortunate youth's sake, with spirit. Against thy heart art hard was yours, And sorrow's dew thy grave shall bless."

A breeze like this flung from thy brow
The sparkling ring lays,
And those blue eyes—does gaze they now?
Oh, surely, but not thus!

Joy like I know with thee, again
Earth cannot bring to thee,
That cannot sigh—that cannot beat and brain—
Rule—and I ought o thee.

Oh, I will wander here no more—
Thy grave I'll see no more,
And hallowed be the graves of poor
Kate up to mock ooze!

THE BEAUTIFUL DECOY.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED CHRONICLE OF A TRAVELER.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

It is well known to all in any degree familiar with the history of Mexico, that a very small portion of highway robbery exists in every section of that country, the government excepted; and that through want of interference of the authorities, this has of late years become a regular and formidable shape, that every traveler must be prepared to put his life in hazard, or forfeit his purse, or provide with a suitable constitution for the sudden and serious (the knights of the road), who, in the event of finding you prepared, are nothing; will make their levy with a politeness only equaled by the strong individuals (robbers) who, every few days, changed face for your last night's entertainment. What great difficulties, dangers, and sufferings followed—if not with the connivance, at least with the knowledge of the authorities, and sometimes of state authorities—at one of those mystical matters which among many others, so puzzles and perplexes the Mexican people, I will not now dwell on the disagreeable truth, every traveler through the length and breadth of that country is painfully aware.

Some years ago, having business which first called me to the Capital of Mexico, and thence through the interior of the country to the northern frontier, I was subjected to many adventures, which I have recorded for the benefit of whoever may take an interest therein, omitting only a few of the most unpleasant and less romantic of the narrations themselves.

The first of these I received on the route between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico. In the same diligence starting between those places has mentioned, I had taken passage, and had passed through the beautiful city of Jalapa, and entered the gloomy town of Perote, without meeting with any unusual incident, though being continually warned to be on my guard against the dangers of the road. At Perote, where we halted for a relay of horses, and for the usual refreshments on such leave of me, very solemnly assuring me that, if assailed by the robbers, my safety would be much better for me to take matters quietly, and suffer myself to be quietly plundered, than to run the risk of having my throat cut for resistance, as I had somewhat boldly avowed my intention of doing. I thanked them for their advice, but assured them I could take the matter into serious consideration.

At Perote, I regret, all who had been my companions from Vera Cruz left me, and I was left to bring the end of their journey in that direction; and there was no new passenger for me to go forward, whom, to my agreeable surprise, I found to be a very handsome young lady, some twenty years of age.

Rosalia Pardo, as I subsequently ascertained her name to be, was indeed one of those pure beauties seldom met with except in works of fiction—a tall, slight figure, with a head of long, black hair —soft, clear, melting dark eyes—features so perfect as never could be the result of the sculptor, and with an animation the most fascinating, varying its expression with every changing mood of the intellectual personage. A glance at her betrayed that she was well above the ordinary rank who was naturally of a social disposition; and as she was a stray from the gloomy town, I took the liberty of opening a conversation.

"They tell me," said I, "that the route between this and the capital is not always considered safe to travel."

"There is little to fear," she replied, with a sweet smile and in a melodious tone, "except at the diligence office, and there the soldiers of the garrison may one who makes no resistance."

"It seems strange to me," I rejoined, "that you should be so well informed on the subject, and, of course, and deem resistance a very impolite way of treating the ladies. But I am not sure that I am really asserting your rights, and abating the evil by such a spirit of resistance. For myself, I must confess it the most cowardly of proceedings, for any respectable party, as we are prepared to quietly plentify the cupidity of the robbers, unprepared to treat them to their just deserts."

"Every traveler," said Rosalia, "should, before setting out, count the cost of his journey; and see if resistance be advisable or not. Even if life highly, it seems to me natural that he should be a certain sum for his safety rather than risk not that life is jeopardy. For instance, is travelling from Perote to the capital I had in my possession that so much is the fare by the diligence, and that so much will be required for entertainment on the road, and some little extra expenses you speak of, he will then have the exact cost between the two points; and if he will look at the whole as the sum total of his journey, he will not feel the loss of so small a sum when more than another."

"That," I replied, "may be, I believe in the Mexican mode of doing business, but does not tally with the preconceived ideas of us foreigners."

"Why you are," replied the fair speaker, "should conform to the customs of the country we visit."

"And do you then get prepared for this highway robbery? and have you no fear in thus journeying by yourself?"

"Well, Senor, what can I do? I am, as you perceive, an unprotected lady, who, for certain reasons, am required to make the journey between Perote and the Capital some twelve or fifteen a year, and you certainly could not expect me to go prepared to resist an armed band! As to fear, I will not deny I have my share of that; but, so far, I have never met with any rough treatment, and of course, I trust to the same that my fortune will ever be so propitious."

"And have you really been robbed on your journey back and forth?" I inquired.

"I think I have paid my share to the laborer for my transit through their country!" the laughed.

"And you expect to continue a repetition of the same for the rest of your life?"

"Who knows?" she replied. "At least I hope to be spared another visit."

"And your fellow travelers?" said I; "have you never seen any disposed to make some unlawful active?"

"Once, Senor, an American and an Englishman, who were in the same diligencia with me, fired upon the robbers, killing one and wounding two."

"And did the robbers flee back?"

"Yes, but fled immediately, and fortunately injured none of our party."

"And should have expected," returned I. "You were not robbed on that occasion, I suppose?"

"We were not, Senor; but the two foreigners subsequently paid dearly for their resistance; for in journeying back and forth, both were killed, separately and at different times, near the same spot, which we saw overcome by the side of the road, Senor?"

THE QUEEN ROSE.

BY ALICE CARY.

A wall of the darkest woods behind,
And a singing stream before;
There cherry trees that almost blind
Window and porch and door.

A bitter wind on the homestead side,
Where hang through summer's prime
Flowers with their sweet cool months gaped wide
For sunshine, all the time.

Say, Kitty, will you come and be
My bride, and make me glad?
For you are the little rose for me,
And queen of all the rest.

A crowded bee upon one hand,
Rust in a meadow pasture,
With an angle of bright harvest land
Wedged snugly between.

Uneven, among the stones and rye,
Grow wild pease, tall and bright—
How many a sonnet sainted, I
Have carried home at sight!

But if you will come and live with me,
And be my love, by me
The sweetest sainted pea will be
I ever have gathered yet!

THE HARD SCHOOL.

FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF A TEACHER.

BY STEPHEN CORE, JR.

In the autumn of 1842 I received a visit from one of the Superintending School Committee of the town of Lyons, in the State of New Hampshire. He introduced himself as Mr. Bowen, and at once proceeded with his business. He wished to employ a teacher for one of the school-houses in town. He ran his eye over my frame, and I saw that it was with satisfaction; for he immediately expressed a desire to secure my services. I asked what sort of a school it was.

"Well," said he, with a peculiar nasal twang, and a pronunciation not so liberal by any of your lexicographers, "it's a pooty tarnation hard school, since I tell ye. But, yoorn's got the bones an' muscle, and I reckon as how you might do for it."

He again ran his eyes over my large, sinewy frame, and added his hands to the subject self-satisfied.

"Have scholars been in the habit of gaining control of the school?" I asked.

"Lord bless ye, yes. Why—no master can stand is a week. The cussed boys hustle him right scurs. Ye see, Squire Clark's some pooty oil-level about boys in that ere school. Ye see they're mighty in the swamps, an' they're kind o' rough in their ways. If he learn 'nuff of 'em, he'll make a man on ye yet. An' I was privileged to offer ye forty dollars a month, if ye'd only come an' keep it. That's more'n twice as much as we ever paid before."

"How large is the school?" I asked.

"Wal—that's nigh onto fifty scholars, all told, when they come—some boys, an' some gals."

I had heard of the school before, and had been acquainted with its sanctimonious record; and I was thrown out from the school-house, and rolled in a snowbank by the large boys; yet I resolved to go and try it. Of personal danger I had no fear, for I happened to possess a fine frame, and a proportionate amount of nerve and muscle. I had exercised freely in our gymnasium, and there was not another man in the place who could at all hold his strength by the side of mine. Nature had been lavish in her favors, and evil habits had not impaired the faculties God had given me.

I told Mr. Bowen I would keep the school. It was to commence on the first day of December, and continue three months. But I told him I must have my own way. That in all things appertaining to the school I must be master—that my will must be absolute, even to the casting out of half the scholars. He said I should have my own way; and he pledged his word that the committee should not interfere in any way, nor under any circumstances.

At the appointed time I packed up my wardrobe and schoolbooks, and started for the——. When I reached the village I learned that my school was in a district part of the town, and I procured a boy known as *Yankee Ruloo*. On the following morning Mr. Bowen took me up in his sleigh. I found my school-house upon the edge of a little settlement, which was bounded in a wide valley, with high, bleak mountains upon all sides. I was taken at once to the place where I was to board, and in this latter respect I was very fortunate.

My host's name was Elias Bonney. He was a well-to-do farmer; about forty-five years of age; a firm, intelligent man; and one of the selectmen of the town. He had five children who were to attend the school—the eldest being a girl of nineteen, named Lydia, and the youngest a boy of seven.

Mr. Bowen remained to dinner, and then took his leave; and as soon as I was alone with Mr. Bonney, I began to inquire particularly about the school. My host shook his head with a dubious expression.

"You know what boys are," he said, "especially if they've had their own way for a long time. For six winters we had no school, and the boys used to be called a school. There are quite a number of stout boys, and they generally contrive to get the master out at the end of a week. But I think they'll find it hard work to get you out."

"I don't know," I replied. "But I really shouldn't want them to try it, for I'm not apt to be very much overcome when using power to the definitive against mere brute force."

Bonney said he should think I would be dangerous for the scholars to make the attempt. "But," he added, with great delicacy shake of the head, "the boys are not only stout and hearty, but you must remember there's a number of 'em. Once get 'em started, and they dont fear anything. They've had some pretty stout masters to deal with."

"But how many are there in the school," I asked, "who are big enough and old enough to be considered in any evil passion?"

Bonney pondered a few moments, and then replied—

"Why—there's only two of them that are really ugly; and even they ain't bad neighbors. They're kind and ready in cases of need, but they seem to be inclined to make the school any trouble."

We kept up the conversation, at intervals, until bed-time, and when I retired for the night I had about made up my mind as to the nature of the work I had to do. I had learned enough to ensure me of several important facts. In the first place, each succeeding teacher had gone into the schoolroom with the firm belief that he had got to fight his way through. This very feeling had served to enable his combative-ness, so that his first position to the scholars was an antagonistic one. The result had been inevitable. At fighting the large scholars were handy—they had prepared for it, and expected it, and consequently were ready for to an exhibition of their pugnacious qualities.

On the next morning I went to the school-house a little earlier than the usual hour for commencing. I found the building nearly new, and looking decent and neat. I liked that. I went in and arranged my books on my desk. Mr. Bonney had given me the key in this desk, at the same time informing me that he believed there was no rules beginning there I might need. I found a heavy cow-skin ferule, some two feet long, by two inches wide, and three quarters of an inch thick. It was a perfect club, and was, moreover, enough to excite the ire of any decent person who might be unadvisedly placed in the hands of a superior. It was not alone. It had a companion in the shape of a long, stout, heavy rawhide, or "green hide," as they are sometimes called. I let them remain in the desk.

At nine o'clock I rang the hand-bell with which my host had supplied me, and the scholars took their seats. The school was full, and as I gazed carefully around I was pleased with the appearance of most of the scholars. They were a country-looking set, and for such a place, that among the larger boys were some faces which I wished to study.

John Putney and Stephen Oliver had been so thoroughly described to me that I recognized them the moment I put my eyes upon them. They were two hard-looking customers, especially the former. Putney was tall and stout, with a head and shoulders not unlike those of a bull. He wore a scowl upon his face, and was inclined to sit back in his seat like one who held sway o'er all his surroundings. I first came to him in my roaming glance I caught his eye. He tried hard to keep up his gaze, but in a very few seconds his lids trembled and his eyes sank. I knew I could conquer him in some way.

Stephen Oliver was not so tall as Putney, though some said, stronger. But he was a better man. His face was more intelligent, and he seemed to have some pride.

As soon as all was still I made a few remarks. I opened my desk, and drew forth the ponderous ferule and rawhide.

"Do them belong to any one in the school?" I asked, holding them up.

No answer came. I then asked Lydia Bonney if she knew to whom they belonged. She said she believed their late teacher owned them. I then stepped down, and put them both into the stove.

After this I told the scholars that I had come there to teach them—that to help them to learn was which should fit them better for the various paths in life they might be called upon to pursue. It pictured to them the educated man's position, and his contrast with the ignorant, and urged them to study with a determination to excel. Then I recalled up all my powers of imagination and simplification in portraying the duties, and the fascination. "And more," said I, "I have come to help give you this education if you will let me receive it. And in order to gain it properly—in order to have a profitable school, we must have order and regularity. We must all behave properly. Now I am sure you do not know so much of arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, and other branches of common school education as I do consequently I shall find it my most natural and important to you all information upon these subjects which I can. But I desire to have the fullest confidence of a scholar you know as much as I do. I certainly hope we shall become the best scholars in the country. We won't think of the past—we'll add the future. We'll begin to-day."

The stout, hard youth cried like a child.

"Why," said he, "there's a school that's been going to rack and ruin for a month because everybody said you that you know how to behave yourself properly."

I waited some moments, but no one arose. But I could see that Master Putney was getting ready. He seemed to be fearing that I was compounding him in advance of his will. However, I appeared not to notice him.

"Very well," said I, with a graceful smile, "I thank you for your confidence. I shall now proceed to place the government of the school at your disposal. You are all present, I believe, and can exercise the privilege. Shall we have, during the winter, a regular system of order, study, and school? All in favor of that will hold up their right hand."

The two girls commenced first. "Come," I urged. "I want you all to vote one way or the other. I shall think all who do not vote are in favor of it."

Putney's hand came up with a nervous jerk, and he said, "I go to push Oliver's up." So I accomplished the latter's ope, and he gave up to the influences of an impleasing nature.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"My name is John Putney, the world over!" he replied in a coarse, impudent tone; but there was effort in it.

"And you do not desire a good, orderly school?" I remarked.

"Wal—I don't care much, cuz way nor t'other," he answered, in the same tone, but with increasing effort, and I could see, that Putney, as a leader, had his strength sway fast.

"Very well," I said, in a firm, but yet kind tone. "If such is your opinion, then your presence here can only be productive of evil results, and is detrimental to the rest of the school. So you can retire before we proceed any further. But should you at any time make up your mind to come in with a determination to be orderly and gentlemanly, you can return."

As I spoke I stepped down and opened the door. "You can leave," I said.

"S'pose' I'd rather stay here?" he returned, turning pale.

"But you can't stay here!" I resumed, in a tone and with a look that made him start. "We cannot have you here. For the good of the school, and for the good of the school alone, you must leave. I can suit but a moment longer."

The fellow was determined to try my strength. But he might as well have thought of facing a lightning-bolt. I was nerved up to my most powerful mood. I felt in my arms and hands that, were I then where Sampson once was, I could easily have pulled down the pillars of the temple-roof.

I walked slowly up to the man's seat (for he was a man in age and size, coming one-and-twenty within a month), and placed my hand upon his collar. He grasped the edge of the low desk before him, and held on. With one mighty effort—an effort that surprised myself—I tore the desk from his seat, and raised him above my head! I spoke not to the school now, and when I had gained the door-stone, I cast him down upon the snow. He scrambled to his feet, and, with an oath, rushed towards me. I struck him between the eyes, and knocked him down. I went and lifted him up again, and then told him to go home. He ran one look into my face from out his already swelling eyes, and then started off, walking as fast as he walked away.

I returned to the school-room, and of course found the scholars all at the windows, or, rather, standing back to look out.

"Now," said I, with a kindly smile, "suppose we try that vote over again, for really, I feel a deep, earnest desire to have the whole school with me. All who are desirous to have an orderly, model school, will rise and come in here to that end, will raise the right hand."

Every hand went up in a moment.

And so I commenced my school. I went to Stephen Oliver, and, after a few words of courtesy, shook with his studies. He told me, and I then informed him that my evening visits would be of a distance which I might not be able to render during school hours, I should be happy to grant it if he would call upon me at my room.

He did so, and from that time forward I found in him a very valuable friend.

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As soon as all was still I made a few remarks. I opened my desk, and drew forth the ponderous ferule and rawhide.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

BE MERCIFUL.—A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[There is a popular belief in Norway that the Spirits of those who practised Christianity in early times, watch about the graves and mountains until the last day, when they will receive their final punishment.]

Oh for the waters and the last sea.
Oh for Norway's mountain stream,
Raging mercilessly unseen
By the solemn-standing e'ening beam
It was of the ancient era.
That the moonlight slept so still,
When the cross of new Redeemer
Came to Norway's northern hill.

How the Spirit upheld his sorrow!
He had pierced the strongest limb;
Now he wandered through the mountains,
By no sense a child which,
Wandered with the wind forever
By the cold and cheerless shore,
Wandered in the cave and over gloomy
Mountain-top and valley o'er.

II.

As he waited upon the waters,
Passed a flock of Heav'by,
With a hark, unchristened forehead,
And a cold, unbaptized eye;
Passed a flock of angry spirits!
Well an interview went! he said,
"Tell you children at the trumpet,
And the Earth gives up her dead!"

Passed the mark of Glory around;
Blessed, as with a halo's ray,
Rose up from the heathen Spirit
That he could but turn and speak—
Even he wept at such answer,
And he could not look at any,
Comfort, and one! such experience
Have most souls by what is—

C.

O measure as the plummet
Of a loved bird in the sky,
Then a song of hope and rapture
From the Spirit rose on high.
Brother, for your erring brethren,
Those of Norway's legend say,
Think of young Hands and Saint Paul,
By the mountain streams and wind.

THE END.

THE MADMAN'S RUSE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the good old days long ago, before we had rail cars running at sixty miles an hour, and smashing things generally,—when the fine old-fashioned stage-coach was the great institution of the country—people who journeyed did not sit and look savage at their neighbors; but, though never so great and surly at home, grew sociable and talkative—laughed, and made themselves agreeable to others—and conducted themselves as human beings should, who, if not by one class, are all born to die on the highway of life.

In one of these sublime conveyances, in which I had taken passage, there was, among an inside-full of travelers, an elderly, fussy-looking gentleman, who seemed considered in less quickly look, and silently but attentively listen to the conversation of the others, as they told their stories, anecdote or joke, or discussed politics or religion, or scolded each other with more than necessary spirit.

At length, by an easy and natural transition, the conversation turned upon insanity, and that Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith got into an argument as to what real where should be the exact line of demarcation between a man of sound mind and one who ought to be.

As the debate on this subject waxed warm, and became spiced with some very curious and original speculations of the two disputants, the elderly gentleman roused up with a look of interest, and, regarding almost for the first time, quietly observed that there were many cases of confirmed insanity in which the line between reason and lunacy could not be drawn at all, except when the afflicted person was touched upon some one particular subject.

Mr. Brown, who had the other side of the question—and who considered that all insane men could be seen, and at all times, under all circumstances, to demented by look, voice, language and manner, either severely or mildly, as the case might be—raised the assertion, and requested the gentleman to give any respectable authority in support of his position.

"I can give you my own experience," replied the other.

"Why, you are not an insane man, are you, sir?" inquired Mr. Brown, with a wink at the passengers.

"It is just possible I may be in your estimation," replied the elderly gentleman; "for it is one of the peculiarities of certain monomaniacs to suppose everybody insane except themselves."

"Very sharp and very pretty, sir!" said Mr. Brown, grating rather out in the face; "but still if there is not argument; and we have not started upon premises which I deny in toto, sir, I should like to see you sustain yourself by respectable authority, sir!—for I always go in for respectable authority in all matters of fact—in short—of all this nature, sir!"

"Well, suppose I give you the authority of Dr. Maxwell, of the ****** Insane Asylum?" said the other.

"That is good, sir!" replied Mr. Brown, considerably. "Dr. Maxwell I consider very respectable authority indeed, in all matters connected with insanity. But then, sir! bear in mind, sir!" said Mr. Brown, warming up and waving the gesticulation from his forehead; "understand, sir, that I do not agree to take the doctor according to his own say-so! Produce him, sir! in propria persona, sir! not him right here before me, in his own proper person, sir!—and then, if he will sustain me in the truth of your assertion, I will yield the point, sir! and acknowledge myself ——h—h—beaten, sir!"

"Very well," smiled the venerable gentleman, "as you are not disposed to take my authority second-hand, suppose you take it first-hand! I myself am Dr. Maxwell, of the ****** Insane Asylum."

At this announcement Mr. Brown turned all sorts of colors around within, and we all enjoyed a hearty laugh at his expense.

"To prove my point," resumed the doctor, when the merriment had subsided, "let me tell you of a case that was placed upon me by an insane man, and then show me, if you can, wherein that man, in carrying his point, lacked the cunning, capacity and reason of the soundest man you know of—yourself, for instance!"

"The story I refer to is this:

"Some years ago, as I was one day sitting in my office, turning over the records of the establishment, I was interrupted by the entrance of a tall, spare, landsteel-looking gentleman, neatly dressed in black, who, in a very bland and dignified tone, inquired if he could be permitted to speak with the superintendent of the institution.

"I am the person you seek, sir!" I modestly replied.

"Ah, yes!" he rejoined; "I am very happy to know you! Dr. Maxwell, I presume?"

"The same, at your service."

"My name," he pursued, "is Williams—Francis Williams—and I also have the honor of having M. D. attached. I am a practising physician, sir, in a neighboring town, and have called to see you on some business connected with my profession."

"I replied that I was very happy to make his acquaintance—that his name was not unfamiliar to me, even if his face was. He bowed, expressed himself highly gratified at the fact that I had ever heard the name of one so humble and obscure as himself, and then proceeded to state his business.

"'To-day I wish to bring to your notice, Doctor,' he said, 'in a rather curious one. Have you ever seen a man who was perfectly sane on every subject except one?'

"'Often, Dr. Williams—often, sir,' I replied, 'is my hardest task.'

"'Ah!' he joined, 'I am pleased to hear it, because you will have less difficulty in understanding the merits of the case in question. You see, Doctor, I have a patient —a very respectable man, indeed, and belonging to a very respectable family—one, I am satisfied, in good circumstances—quite a subject for this institution but only on one point and that is—pardon me if I consider it a serious one—he thinks himself an other than your most obedient servant, and has—but—I beg you will excuse me, I am so annoyed at the mere thought—he has actually taken it into his head that he is—that he is—Dr. Williams, I believe!'

"'Not an uncommon case, Dr. Williams,' I remarked.

"'But one that can be cured?' eh, Doctor?' he inquiringly rejoined.

"'I trust and hope so.'

"'Well, as his friends think,' and having heard much of your skill, have decided to submit to you, they have despatched me to call and see you on the subject, and to say that they are also authorized by you to receive Mr. Hubbard—that is his name—as a patient!'

"'Certainly,' said I; 'and I shall be happy to do all I can for him; and as delusion, with people incarcerated in an Insane Asylum; but I thought I could, by having an understanding with you, and manage it that we might ride out together and converse further upon the matter, and thus, the place, you understand—and once here, and while passing through the different apartments, I could point out to you whatever may be the look upon him in the case where you would like to have him noticed.'

"I replied that nothing would be easier—that I had many times acted in that way in the same way, and frequently without their ever seeming to comprehend that they were being shown or drove at upon them.

"'Very well, then,' replied the doctor, 'we will consider the matter fully arranged. His friends, who are wealthy, will settle the bills regularly. But you must bear in mind in this case Hubbard is not well-versed in telling you that he is Dr. Williams, and that I am Mr. Hubbard, and that you are not and should be comprehend that she is an institution for the insane. He is remarkably sane upon every likely point upon my being locked up, instead of him!'

"Oh, I understand all that perfectly,' I replied.

"Rest assured, Doctor, we know our business here. If you can only succeed in getting him to the asylum, I pledge myself you shall have no trouble in getting him out.'

"We conversed for a few minutes longer—he expressing himself highly pleased with the terms and grounds, and remarking that he would hand me the necessary papers when he came with his patient; and then, with the hope that he should soon have the pleasure of seeing me again, he took his leave.

"It was, I think, the third day after this that Dr. William's carriage drove up to the asylum door, with him—a small, nervous, rather intelligent-looking man, with nothing about him to indicate the slightest approximation to insanity.

"About daylight on the following morning, the porter's bell was rung by a tremulous hand against the gate; and on opening it, he rushed a ball-headed, red-whiskered man, who had been up to something bad seen sent of a certain Dr. Williams, who, he said, had called on him some days before, for the purpose of taking him to our institution, but whom he had locked out.

"On meeting them, I informed them what had occurred—how I had looked up a Mr. Hubbard at his dwelling, and had taken him to my office shortly after, and ridden all alone. They demanded to see the patient, and I soon confronted them to him, cautioning them not to venture into his presence unless they were first assured they had more will and intellect than I had been let to believe. They promised me a tremendous thrashing at the gate; and on opening it, in rushed a ball-headed, red-whiskered man, who had been up to something bad seen sent of a certain Dr. Williams, who, he said, had called on him some days before, for the purpose of taking him to our institution, but whom he had locked out.

"'Oh, let us alone for that!' I said; 'we are never at a loss here how to manage a refractory patient.'

"By this time the estranged man was expostulating—the back of the door, and shouting at the top of his voice:

"'You are a contemptible fool, Dr. Maxwell!—confounded fool, I tell you, sir! Have you no sense enough to distinguish between a sane man and a lunatic?'

"Unfortunately for you, Mr. Hubbard, I have!' I retorted.

"'I tell you, for the twentieth time, more or less,' he went on, 'that I—am—Dr. Williams—of ****** ***, and that you, a fool, are being played by a patient!'

"'Keep quiet, my friend!' said I, looking through the key-hole; 'you have a perfect dread of confinement in an insane asylum; but I thought I could, by having an understanding with you, and manage it that we might ride out together and converse further upon matters, and thus, the place, you understand—and once here, and while passing through the different apartments, I could point out to you whatever may be the look upon him in the case where you would like to have him noticed.'

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